

Stupid

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Summary: Numb, stupid, broken. It was what Amber had been reduced to.

## Stupid

**\*\*This is just something short I thought up... I just felt like I needed to write it.\*\***

\* \* \*

><em>Numb.<em>

Her throat was numb from having her finger scratch the space just above her tonsils so many times. Numb from retching over the toilet, letting the contents of her stomach spill out, letting the tears burn her eyes as she realized that she was destroying her body slowly. It was, of course, much less painful than it had started. She'd used to have to poke the back of her throat with a long, manicured nail, until she could feel her stomach begin to churn and the familiar acid rising in her throat. Now, she knew that it didn't take much; it barely took her finger pushing past her lips, before she felt the bile rising inside of her, and though she knew she shouldn't have, she considered that a small accomplishment. She was slowly teaching her body not to resist, and it was slowly going numb in the process; numb from all of the pain she reserved for herself.

\_Stupid.\_

She knew she was stupid for all of the things she did, this one in particular. She wanted someone to shake her; to tell her to stop before she killed herself, but no one would. Her mother often heard her heaving in the bathroom, but never stopped to check. Never looked in, never told her to stop before she caused herself internal damage. She didn't care, and why should she? Velma had gone to great lengths to become a glorified hooker; used her body to get what she wanted, and she did what she had to in order to keep her body in shape. For

Velma, it was easy; she would simply refuse herself anything with any type of fat in it, and it worked that way. She didn't have a problem skipping meals; didn't mind eating small amounts of food that still left her stomach hungry; still made her want more. It was all in the name of beauty for her. Amber couldn't go all day without eating. Her stomach would start to grumble in class, and her friends would look at her strange. She would eat lunch, because she was hungry, and would throw it up in the bathroom. And though she tried to let on, no one ever noticed, and she couldn't help but hate them all for being so stupid.

\_Broken.\_

She had been broken a long time ago, by her mother, by Link. Once, when they had started to kiss, she had told him that she was ready to go further, and they had, but in all honesty, she wasn't. He left soon after they had both ended up sweaty and breathless, and he didn't see that she had been crying. Didn't hear that when she'd cried out to him, she wasn't crying out in pleasure, but in pain. Crying out because she had needed someone to save her from herself, and he hadn't listened. He had been too absorbed in the shallow sensations he'd been feeling. He hadn't realized that when she'd asked him to make love to her, she'd actually meant \_love her\_. Love her like no one else did, like even she didn't love herself. Love her enough to keep her from destroying her body, enough to keep her from wasting another second dying when she should have been trying to live.

\_Numb, stupid, broken\_. That was what Amber Von Tussle had been reduced to, and no one even cared, or noticed.

End  
file.